

Rob. Wicks.

THE
Heaven-Drivers.

A
POEM.

In Nomine Domine incipit omne malum.



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Rob. Wake.

T H E

Heaven-Drivers.

IN pious Times when great Divisions,
 Happen'd 'twixt *Churchmen* and *Precisians*;
 And ev'ry *whigish* dull *Mechanick*,
 Contended for a Pow'r Tyrannick;
 The *Church* despis'd, her *Clergy* spighted,
 And Truth like *Honesty* they flighted.
 'Twas then some Tygers of the Peace,
 Hungry as Hawks, and wise as Geese,
 Began to purge this sinful Nation,
 By *In* which they Call *Reformation*,
 A goodly Word, which, well apply'd,
 Will all clandestin Int'rest hide;
 For who'll believe that thinks but little,
 Fraud can have such a holy Title;
 So Rebels have no other Plea,
 But Cry *Religion*, *Liberty*:
 Which puts a gloss upon their Treason,
 And dazzles ev'ry Blockhead's reason.

A 2

When

When thus the goodly Godly Party,
 In nothing but in Mischief hearty.
 Had wisely all agreed to be
 One Sanctify'd Society;
 Not with Design, or Inclination,
 To truly Work a Reformation,
 But that their Party should be Gainers,
 By th' Church-men's Vices, and Ill manners,
 And will the Knaves suppress, the Ills
 That bring 'em Grist unto their Mills,
 And make their Adversaries poor,
 Whom worse than Pop'ry they abhor.
 No, no, a *Whig* is no such Owl,
 A Knave will scorn to be a Fool;
 And since our Vices are their Gain,
 They'l tempt the World to be as vain,
 And wicked, doubtless as they can.

Themselves being put in this Condition,
 For their most pious Expedition,
 To furnish out a zealous Crew,
 Who must the servile Drudgery do,
 They muster up a hopeful Train,
 Of hard-mouth'd Hounds from *Rosemary Lane*,
Knock Verges, and such other Places,
 Where Rogues they find with all their paces,
 That can Inform, Lye, Say or Swear,
 The sober Man is Drunk that dare,
 Ask by what Pow'r, or Tolleration,
 Such scoundrel Imps reform our Nation;

And

And if an Enemy they catch,
 That hates *Presbit'ry* like the Itch,
 In common form they must Depose,
 They heard him Swear a hundred Oaths;
 Or else have seen him sev'ral Nights,
 In Company with *Jacobites*,
 Who meet maliciously to vent,
 Ill Words against the Government:
 If they can this Say, Swear and Do,
 When all's as false as Heaven's true,
 Then is he fit to have a Pension,
 For carrying a Reformer's Truncheon;
 Rare Vermin to reclaim a Nation,
 By th' pious Work of *REFORMATION*,
 And those as honest to maintain,
 Such Vipers, to afflict good Men.

Look back on those distracted Times,
 When Rebels glory'd in their Crimes,
 And Zeal (as now too oft we see)
 Was made a Cloak for Knaverie;
 When Villains did the Throne detract,
 And Treason was a glorious Act;
 When Plenty made the People mad,
 And merry Rogues made good Men sad:
 When bold *Fanatick* Mutineers,
 Had set the Nation by the Ears,
 Who once into Confusion got,
 Contended for they scarce knew what,
 Till th' Issue of their base Ambition,
 Prov'd much too black for repetition,

B

Who

Who vilely vacanted the Throne,
 By th' bloodiest Deed that e'er was done,
 And like a rude unchristian Rabble,
 Turn'd St. *Paul's* Church into a Stable.
 These, and ten thousand Evils more,
 Which all good Christians must abhor,
 Were manag'd under the Umbration,
 Of base pretended *Reformation* ;
 For 'tis a Maxim of the Devil,
I th' Name of th' Lord to do all Evil,
 And *Puritans* we often see,
 Make use of the same Policy ;
 For when together they Combine,
 In any Villanous Design,
 They always seek the *L---d* about it,
 As they pretend, but good Men doubt it,
 And rather think they seek the Devil,
 For he's the Counfellow of Evil.

When they their Treach'ry carried on,
 Against the Lawful Church and Throne,
 And sought the Royal Martyr's Blood,
 They still pretended *Public Good*,
 By some most pious Regulation,
 And all their Cry was *Reformation*.
 But wanted only to reclaim,
 The following Vices which I name,
 The Church's Grandure they protested ;
 'Twas that their squemish Minds molested.
Bishops they all cry'd down as Popish,
 And *Decency* condemn'd as Foppish ;

Lawn

Lawn-Sleeves the Heathens did devise,
 In which Priests kill'd the Sacrifice,
 And would become a Butcher rather,
 Than a Vice-gerent of *Our Father* ;
 The *Railes* that near the *Altar* stand,
 Incroachments were on Holy Land,
 And could be warranted by no-Man,
 For all G--d's House should be in Common ;
 To *Bow a Head*, or *Bend a Knee*,
 Ith' Church was rank Idolatrie ;
 And to *Uncover* at Devotion,
 Was a Fantastick idle Notion,
 A down right *Romish* Superstition,
 Deserving all good Men's derision ;
 The Tooting *Organs* were no more,
 Than Bag-pipes to the *Scarlet Whore*,
 Which fill'd the pious Congregation,
 Instead of Grace, with Profanation ;
 The *Bells* debauch'd the Common People,
 And made them Reverence the Steeple,
 Were *Roman Idols* made of Brass,
 To Call the silly Folk to *Mass*,
 And when they pull'd the Ropes to ring-'em,
 They roar'd as if the Divil was in-'em,
 And made a Noise enough to fright,
 God's Lambs from seeking of the Light.

To *Drink*, tho dry as Dust, or worse,
 Or *Eat*, if Hungry as a Horse,

In

In *Publick Houses* tho' at Noon,
 Or Night when ev'ry Church was done;
 Was, on the *Sabbath*, as they say,
 A Profanation of the Day :
 These Vanities, with many more,
 Were Signs the *Babylonian Whore*,
 Had Conquer'd *England* with her Charms,
 And hug'd the Nation in her Arms.

On these Pretences they begun,
 Their pious REFORMATION,
 That pull'd the *Church* and *Bishops* down,
 The *Miter* first, and then the *Crown*,
 Took off the King's most Trusty Friends,
 In order to compleat their Ends :
 And when a Sanguine Way they'd made,
 To Bow with Ease the Royal Head ;
 What the Reformers Acted then,
 Is now too Bloody for my Pen :
 Thus did their good reforming Zeal,
 Turn *Monarchy* t' a *Common-Weal* ;
 And that Religion might agree,
 With their rebellious Villanie,
 They set up good *Presbiterie*.
 May Heaven therefore Bless this Nation,
 From such *Fanatick Reformation* ;
 Which if not hindred by the State,
 F'r ought I know may be fear'd too late.
 The *Whigs* we find are ne'er at rest,
 Either when Licens'd, or Supprest ;

The

For when the Church of this our Land,
 Their Pride and Insolence restrain'd,
 Then Persecution was their Cry,
 Popery, Oppression, Tyranny:
 O Penal Arbitrary Laws!
 T' afflict the Righteous for *God's Cause*,
 And suff'r 'em not with one accord,
 In Barn or Field to *Seek the Lord*.

But since the Government to please-ye,
 And make your Consciences more easie,
 Has free'd you from the Laws vexation,
 By a kind Act of *Toleration*;
 You now all Cock-a-hoop aspire,
 Not equal with the CHURCH, but higher,
 Turn Vice-Reformers, Regulators,
 And would be Government Translators,
 For any Man of foresight living,
 May eas'ly see at what you're driving,
 Experience has too often shown,
 You're *Factionous* whether up or down;
 Never Contented full, nor fasting,
 But Ills must always be forcasting;
 When Mercy's shew'd-ye you abuse-it,
 And ne'er have Power but misuse-it;
 The Eagle can as well forbear,
 At Noon her Tow'ring in the Air,
 To show she envies in her flight
 The Sun's swift motion, and his height,
 As *Whigs* forbear to emulate
 All Church-men in a higher state,
 Tho' Lawfully, and Justly Great.

C

Not

Not that *Religion* makes the Breach,
 But lust of Pow'r, and growing Rich,
 For Gold alone they drive their Game-on,
 It is not God they seek but *Mammon*,
 And all their sanctify'd Pretensions,
 Of giving Varlets weekly Pensions,
 To watch the little Slips of Nature,
 So incident to Human Creature,
 Center in Int'rest that's the Bias,
 That makes the *Goodly Tribe* so pious ;
 Besides they only punish those,
 They know to be their Party's Foes ;
 For their own Brethren they can ease,
 And favour as their Worship's please.
 But if a *Church-man* should be Caught,
 In some small punishable Fault,
 Or else, *Good Laud*, a *Jacobite*,
 That Monster should a Slip commit,
 Ads-nigs they'l bait 'em with more rigour,
 Than the three Bear-Dogs did the Tyger :
 But would the Church's honest Party,
 In their Detection be as hearty,
 And watch the Male Administration,
 Of their pretended *Reformation*,
 We more Abuses might discover,
 Than found besides all *England* over ;
 And that the World in part may see,
 How Ill they use *AUTHORITY*.
 The following Instance will declare,
 How Pious, Just, and Good they are ;
 For since the puritanick Brothers,
 Expose and Tax the Faults of Others,
 Whilst they have Greater of their own,
 It is but Just they should be known.

Upon a *SUNDAY* in *October*,
 When all good Christians should be sober,
 About a Time of Night not late,
 When *Dunstan's* Logger-heads struck *Eight* ;

Excuse

Excuse me that the Church should want,
 The Sacred Dignity of Saint,
 Which added would have pleas'd much better,
 But Poets must observe their Meter.

In *Fleetstreet* at a House that's Civil,
 Betwixt the Miter, and the Diver,
 Where Gentry meet to make Discourses,
 About the *French* and *German* Forces,
 And o'er their *Turkish* Soop debate
 The Cause of *This*, th' Effect of *That* :
 But as they thus Conversing were,
 An hour or two past Ev'ning Pray'r,
 A pious Gang of those good Livers,
 Call'd by the Wicked *Heaven-Drivers*,
 Enters the Room in a full Body,
 Led in by pragmatick Noddy,
 Where some were Talking, others Thinking,
 And profane Heathenish Coffee drinking :
 O sinful sad Abomination,
 A Scandal to a Christian Nation,
 That on a Sunday sober Men
 Should be so wickedly profane,
 To Coffee drink, since all Men know,
 They might to stronger Liquor go,
 When good Reformers wont forbear-it,
 But praise the Lord in Sack and Claret ;
 A stiff-neck'd Whore-hound of a Man,
 With painted Truncheon led the Van,
 A Conni-wobble in a Cloak,
 Who Gap'd like *Balaam's* Ass and Spoke,
 But would as yet let no Man see,
 The Type of his Authority,
 For that he kept obscurely snug,
 Beneath his thredbare-Cover Rug,
 In hopes his formal Impudence,
 Might give some fiery Spark Offence,
 And raise his Passion to an Oath,
 Or make him drop a Curse, or both ;

For

For Devil-like they draw you in,
 And then Torment you for the Sin,
 To give the Guest some provocation,
 He made this sawdy proud Oration,
 Alluding to the REFORMATION.
 Eye, Gentlemen, for shame forbear,
 Stand not Profanely sitting here;
 Why, are You not asham'd, I say,
 To Tipple thus your Time away,
 At Night upon the Sabbath-Day?
 You look like Gentlemen, I see,
 That ought to know as well as me,
 The Law hath set a-part this one-Day,
 By Christians to be kept as Sunday:
 Therefore, Good Sirs, I must reprove-ye,
 For profane Tipling, and remove-ye;
 'Tis fitter you were reading Chapters,
 And gleaning Goodness from the Scriptures,
 Than Sipping here like Satan's Fishes,
 Hanging your Noses o'er your Dishes:
 Therefore, pray Gentlemen, be gone,
 Or else I'll make you know anon,
 I've Pow'r to Carry each Man's Body,
 If anger'd, Coram Niddy Noddy.
 The Guest, as any Man would be,
 Bing very much surpriz'd to see,
 A Gang of such ill-looking Vermin,
 Like Butchers some, and some like Carmen,
 Imagin'd at their first appearance,
 A Knot of Water-Lane Adherents,
 Stept in to try to Cut a Purse,
 Or do some Villany that's worse;
 For none could judge 'em by their Features,
 Other than Thieves, or such like Creatures:
 When I beheld 'em, I confess,
 If I had ventur'd at a Guess,
 I should have thought they'd Catch-poles been;
 Nay, any thing but Honest Men,

Snap-

Snap-Dragons, Sharks, or Aliigators,
 Sooner than pious Reformators ;
 Altho' the Gallous, and no Grace,
 Was visible in ev'ry Face ;
 Yet forreign to my Expectation,
 They prov'd to be by Occupation,
 Not only vigilant Maintainers,
 But Menders of the Nation's Manners.
 So Villains when they're weary grown,
 Of all the Rogu'ries they have done,
 Forsake the High-way, and House-breaking,
 To live more Honest by Thief-taking.

When the Comptroller of the Gang,
 Had made his stiff precise Harrang,
 The Coffee-Boy being greatly troubled,
 To see the Guest thus Coniwobbled,
 No longer could forbear, but Cry'd,
Good honest Friends, but there he Ly'd,
Here's none but Gentlemen you see,
And those from all Mismanners free,
Pray, don't Affront the Company.
 With that Authority look'd Big,
 And Grin'd like any roasting Pig :
 Says he, *You Saucy Jack-a-dandy,*
Nurs'd up with Tea and Sugar-Candy,
I'll make you know, you little Whoreson,
I represent a Kingly Person ;
 And lugging out a painted Staff,
 From under Cloak in mighty Chaff,
 The poor unthinking Lad he polted
 Upon th' Crown, and crack'd his Dolthead,
 Making so deep a Vulneration,
 It bled a Pint by Computation :
 The Boy retreating back thro' fear,
 In his defence snatch'd up a Chair,
 Because the Victim did not know,
 But such another furious Blow,
 His Brains as well as Blood might show ;

D

Might

Might show he had more Brains than he,
That so misus'd Authority.

This Act such Reputation won-him,
The Gentry all cry'd shame upon-him,
Who on a *Sunday* durst Prophane,
That Peace he had Sworn to maintain ;
Na, prov'd so impudently rude,
To stain the Royal Arms with Blood.
When thus thinforming Magistrate,
At once (to show his Pow'r was great)
Had broke, for no apparent Cause,
The Boy's head, and the Kingdoms Laws,
Giving him thro' Design, or Passion,
A bloody Tast of *Reformation*.
He strutted off as great as Lord,
Seven Ban-Dogs for his Body-Guard,
And telling what a Point he'd strain'd,
To serve the pious Cause in hand ;
A City Dub more Rich than Wise,
That loves his Interest as his Eyes,
Commended what he'd done most gravely,
And cry'd he'd Acted very bravely ;
For if they'll not reform, says he,
Thro' love to Christianity,
Authority should be severe,
And make 'em serve the Lord with fear ;
You went to further Reformation,
And to suppress all Prophanation ;
And tho' you break thro' Human Laws,
If 'tis to propagate G--d's Cause,
You're still a Man that's Good and True,
And we'll maintain what e'er you do.
When thus a little while he'd Canted,
His Warrant he most wisely granted,
To bring the Coffee-man, and's Brother,
Before his Worship, or some other.
Thus gaining Thanks instead of Blame,
Next Day to th' Coffee-House they came,

Seizes

Seizes their Non-offending Clients,
 To scare 'em with the City Giants,
 Where *Milk* and *Mack'rel TOM* was seated,
 To hear the Point in hand debated;
 And when the hard-mouth Gang had Swore,
 Twenty substantial Lies or more,
 The Coffee-man, and's injur'd Brother,
 To salve their Wrongs were both *Round Over*;
 And when the Youth so much misus'd,
 Both shew'd, and prov'd, he had been abus'd,
 Without the smallest Provocation,
 Sir *Milk* made this Examination,
 Which ended with a wise Oration.

Pray, Mr. Constable, did you,
 What the young Man alledges, do,
 You are a Man well known long since,
 To Love your God, and Serve your Prince,
 One that has oft giv'n Demonstration,
 How truly well you Love the Nation,
 By Acting in its Reformation,
 Therefore would nothing do, but what
 Became a Trusty Magistrate :

Say, did you break this Scoundrel's head ;
 Speak truth, you need not be affraid.
 With that th' informing Tool reply'd,
 Yes, Sir, I must Confess I did :
 His Worship like a City Knight,
 Answer'd, I think you serv'd him right,
 I'll warnt be something said to Cross-ye,
 I know such Rascals will be sawcy.
 With that says one that took the labour,
 To come to Bail his Coffee Neighbour,
 Who bore a Staff as well as t'other,
 But was not an Informing Brother ;
 When the King's Peace was broke, had I
 The fortune to have been but by,
 I would have made th' informing Novice,
 To know he'd run beyond his Office.

These

These banious Words reported were,
 By One o'th' Gang to him i'th' Chair, *Rob. Wake*
 Who looking very stern and bluff,
 Gave the Transgressor this Reproof;
Why, how now Mr. Empty Skull,
You're a rare precious Constable,
That dare reflect on Men whose Station,
Is to Reform a sinful Nation;
You're one of those that are Conivers,
At Drunkards, Whores, and such bad Livers;
An Enemy to th' Propagation,
Of the Good Work of Reformation,
And winks at all Abomination.
Of Vice and Wickedness a Lover;
I'll deal with you; Clark, Bind him Over.

Most wisely said, and nobly done,
 If this be Justice we shall run
 Soon headlong to Confusion.
 Rare Magistrates! to Justify
 The Scoundrel Agents they imploy,
 In all th' Abuses they Commit,
 Which are both Numerous and Great:
 Whilst those they Injure may Complam,
 But for Redress shall sue in vain.
 If Magistrates in Posts of Trust,
 Are Partial, Envious and Unjust,
 And hate the CHURCH they ought to Cherish,
 Which *England* must Defend, or Perish:
 And if a dark SOCIETY,
 Of these must our Reformers be,
 And they such wicked Agents chuse,
 As shall the Pow'r they have misuse,
 And are worse Livers Ten to One,
 Than they can find to prey upon.
 I think a Man may easly see,
 Not blind with Partiality, 6 MA 50
 The Aim of such a Combination,
 Is INT'REST, and not Reformation.

F I N I S.

